Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

What can she say? The pen is poised in air,
And ink grows dry while thoughts refuse to blend.
A long delay—and then, in mild despair,
The pen is urged to trace the words: "Dear Friend."

And is he not her friend? The lilac bough
That bent its flowers to listen, as he said
The few but earnest words—no lover's vow—
That seemed a benediction on her head.

Still holds those blossoms, bright, unfading yet,
That send their perfume to allay her fears,
And fill her heart with mem'ries that beget
The hope of happiness in coming years.

His letter, too, full brief, is still a friend's,
Tho' couched in terms which sadly she defines
Not lover-like. But youthful fancy lends
The key, and swift—she reads between the lines.

The pen once more she urges on its way
To write the news, the very last in mind,
His note received the morning of that day;
He wrote so soon; he was so very kind.

All well at home and send their best regards,
And wish him luck in his new enterprise.
The thought of lilac's perfume she discards;
To be too bold, indeed, would be unwise.

How commonplace the language seems to her,
In glancing o'er it when the task is done!
It shows a lack that makes her long demur
In sending what looks scarcely half begun.

And yet she trusts these words to him may be
More than they seem. They are but shadowy signs
To help a lover's searching eyes to see
The gentle hope that throbs—between the lines.

A type of all her simple, sweet young life,
Is this girl's letter with its sweet designs;
It tells no word of love or passion's strife—
The power of it lies between the lines.

—Margaret Price, in Once a Week.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

A fortnight crept slowly by, and Michael neither wrote nor came. Olive began to fear that he was ill, and would have written a line of inquiry if they had parted less coldly. The suspense was almost intolerable; but she did not want to look like a victim, and she went and came as usual, dressed as prettily as ever, and wore her mask of cheerfulness with unflinching bravery. Her sweetness and courage went straight to the hearts of the Wakes. Mrs. Wake was so stirred that she was lifted quite out of her melancholy little self, and astonished her husband by displaying unwonted tact and wisdom.

Sunday afternoon came round again, and the three were sitting in their parlor upstairs, with doors and windows wide open, trying to pretend that they were not expecting anyone. Olive had got a large volume propped up on the table before her, and turned its pages although she could not read a line. Suddenly the house bell rang loudly, as if it had been pulled by an impatient hand; and the sound drove all the color out of Olive's face. Mrs. Wake was off the sofa with a bound.

"I will go and see who it is," she said, and was gone in an instant.

Samuel and Olive sat in silence; they could hear each other breathe. Heavy steps were coming quickly upstairs, and drowning Mrs. Wake's light tread. A man's figure appeared in the door-

SAD NEWS.

way, and the girl started up, trembling, and went towards him; but it was not Michael Chase. It was Aaron who stood before her, looking so pale and wild that she gave a cry of fear.

"You have brought bad news!" she panted out. "Is Michael ill or dead? What has happened to him?

"He is neither ill nor dead," Aaron answered.

And then she sank back into her seat with a long, sobbing sigh, and covered her face with her hands.

Samuel Wake went up to his niece, and drew her head gently down upon his broad shoulder.

"Speak out, Fenlake," he said, holding the trembling girl closely. "Olive will be well cared for, no matter what may come. Don't be afraid, man: she has a brave heart, and it will be best to know the worst at once."

"The worst is that Michael has proved himself to be a scoundrel; a black scoundrel," said Aaron, fiercely. "I brought the tidings myself, because I knew that Olive would sooner hear them from me than from a stranger. Michael Chase has offered himself to Miss Battersby, and she has accepted him."

Olive's head did not stir from its resting place, nor did she speak one word. It was Samuel who asked sternly if Aaron could prove that he had spoken truth?

"If there had been the least doubt," Aaron answered, "I should not be here now. It was Mr. Edward Battersby himself who told me of the engagement. Michael has got me turned away from the works, and yesterday I was loafing about, trying to find something to do, when Mr. Edward met me. He stopped and said a few civil words, and promised to do what he could for me. And then he said that there would be a wedding soon, and that I must come to the dinner that he should provide for the

SHE PUT THE LETTER BACK.

workmen. I asked if it was his wedding that was coming off. And he said: 'No, Fenlake, it will be my sister's wedding, and she will marry Michael Chase. You know what a clever fellow he has proved himself to be, and we all think a great deal of him.'"

There was dead silence for a moment. Then Olive lifted her colorless face and looked mournfully at Fenlake.

"I know it is all true," she said, in a clear, sad voice; "he spoke of Miss Battersby. Sometimes I have felt that this was coming. You were right about him, Aaron; he has used us both badly—badly. But we will let him go his way."

She looked from Aaron to Uncle Wake and tried to smile, then put her hand up to her forehead and went quickly away.

There was not much more said by the three who remained in the room. Only Samuel asked Fenlake whether he could tell them anything about Miss Battersby.

"Nothing," Aaron replied, "except that she must be a good deal older than the rascal she is going to marry. I have heard that Mr. Edward is several years younger than his sister."

When Aaron was gone Mrs. Wake cried quietly for a few seconds, and then went to listen at Olive's door. No sound was heard and she returned to her husband in sore distress. But he soothed her, and said that they must wait patiently until the girl came of her own accord and sought their comfort. And she did come, sooner than they had thought to see her, and sat down in her old place by Uncle Wake's side.

"Uncle," she said, softly, "if you see a letter addressed to me in Michael's handwriting, will you promise to open it? I want you to read it before I do, and stand by me when I read it. I feel too weak to suffer any more alone."

Not many days afterwards a letter did come, and Samuel tore it open with a muttered word of disgust. It was not a long letter, nor did Michael appear to think that Olive would suffer much through his faithlessness. He told her that he had felt that there was a want of union between them, and added that he could not live happily with a woman who did not fully appreciate the efforts he had made, and the success that he had won. And then he finished with the usual wishes for her future happiness, and that was all.

Olive read the letter, standing by Uncle Wake's side, held fast by his kind arm. She put it back into his hand and said that she did not wish to see it again.

"And now I must face my life," said the girl to herself.

But this facing a life that was so utterly changed was no easy task. If you who read these pages have ever tried to go on living after the uprooting of a great hope, you will know how hard it was.

CHAPTER XI.

"ROUND OUR RESTLESSNESS, HIS REST."

Day after day went by, and Olive fought with all her might against that indifference to all outward things which is the bane of a sick soul. Day after day a voice within was always repeating the dirge-like words: "You do not care for anything, and you never will care any more."

Uncle Wake proposed a holiday in the country; his wife had some relations living in a Surrey village, and Olive was sent to stay with them for a few days. They were kind, the air was sweet, and woods and fields were beautiful as of old, but comfort did not come to the sorely-tried heart. The voice of peace did not speak to her here; she could hear only the echoes of the past, and think only of "the touch of the banished hand." It did not gladden her now to stand looking over the stiles down the long meadows; there was no hope in the sunbeams, no promise in the whisper of the grass. Michael, the traitor, did not dwell in her mind; he was banished by the memory of Michael the young lover. She thought of him, in spite of all reason, as the hero she had first believed him to be, and mourned for the ideal that she had loved so long.

It was a relief to go back to the life in London and take up her work just where she had laid it down. At home she was very quiet, grateful for all the kindness that strove to deaden the constant heartache; but those who watched her could see plainly that her soul refused comfort, and knew that the healing hour had not yet come.

October was gliding away; but it was a gentle, sunny October, and autumn faded slowly. And at last there came a Sunday morning, so balmy and soft that it seemed to have wandered back from the bygone summer. Olive went out alone that morning, sad as ever but with a vague desire for the sight of something green to rest the eyes; and she walked on, scarcely caring whither.

The steeple of St. Mary le Strand rose up into the blue haze of the beautiful day, and the great thoroughfare was bright with tranquil sunshine. All at once it occurred to Olive that she would go to the Thames embankment and look at the river; it would be pleasanter walking there than in these busy ways. And, with this thought in her weary head, she turned suddenly into a street on her right hand—a narrow, stony little street which she had never entered before.

She was still so much of a rustic that most of the nooks and byways of the Strand were unknown to her; and it was with a sense of surprise that she found herself at the open gates of a sunshiny churchyard. Within, there were gray tombstones shaded by plane-trees; the dark gray tower of the ancient church was touched with the quiet light of the autumn morning; yellow leaves fell here and there; a ground-ash drooped its long branches over the soft turf. What a resting place was this for tired eyes, weary of watching the ceaseless come and go of London crowds! Olive stood spell-bound at the gate until her sight grew dim with tears.

She was not thinking of herself only as she stood there. She thought of the many homeless wanderers who had paused on this very spot, hardly able to bear the throng of images that started up around that peaceful sanctuary. Gray walls and fresh grass and trees, they make the background of memory's holiest pictures. The phantoms of old happy days went trooping along those quiet paths and vanished within the gloom of the low-browed door; fathers and mothers who had gone to rest long ago in God's acre; little children who had grown up to be careworn men and women; boys and girls who had loved each other once with the fresh, unworldly love of youth—these were the shadows that passed slowly through the green old churchyard every day.

The sorrows of one human heart are the sorrows of all; the longings of one human soul after its lost paradise are the longings of all, and it is through these common sorrows and common longings that the lost sheep are brought back to the fold and the wandering spirits are drawn softly home to God.

Ideas came to her very slowly that day, and she had lingered for some minutes by the gate before she realized that this little gray church with the quaint low belfry was the Savoy Chapel Royal. In that old churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighboring buildings, the famous Savoy palace had stood once; but Olive was in no mood just then to recall historical associations. It was enough for her to feel that she had suddenly lighted on a nook that was completely out of the world, and "not one man in five hundred who jostle along the noisy Strand ever dreams of its existence."

The restful influence of the place drew her within the open gate and along the tree-shadowed path to the chapel door. She went timidly down the flight of stone steps that led to the entrance, hearing the sweet thunder of the organ, and wondering whether she might gain admission; but when the threshold was crossed her last doubt died away. No disconsolate widow with a white cap and a short temper conducted the worshipers to their seats—a pleasant-faced young verger in a black gown found places for all who wanted them. And this was no easy task, for the little chapel, even at this unfashionable time of year, was full to overflowing.

When Olive ventured to raise her eyes, she received a vivid impression of rich yet delicate colors; the red rose of Lancaster burned in the emblazoned panes of the chancel window; all the lights that found their way into the place were tinted with rainbow dyes. But this chapel was not in the least like any of the great churches that she had seen in London—it was, in fact, "a single rectangular chamber," full of glowing shadows and warm living sunlights; no mighty arches rose overhead and were lost in mist, no massive pillars stood out solemnly from the gloom. Here was a cheerful sanctuary, magnificent without pomp, reverent, but not mysterious—a House Beautiful where every tired pilgrim might find "some softening gleam of love and prayer."

The young girl, worn with perpetual heartache, seemed at last to breathe an atmosphere of repose. The old familiar words of the Liturgy, uttered in a calm voice, fell upon her soul like drops of dew, and the music of the hymns, full of solemn appeal and sublime content, lifted her out of the iron cage of her sorrow.

When she looked up to the clergyman who stood in the pulpit, and heard that calm voice speaking the text, she did not know that he had been ministering here for more than a quarter of a century. She did not know that the words spoken in this little chapel had gone out into the world and were treasured up in the minds of thoughtful men and women; she only knew that the preacher seemed to her "unknown and yet well known;" already she had fallen under the magnetic spell of his strong personal influence; the voice, so distinct and intensely penetrating in its quietness, found its way through all the clouds and shadows that had gathered around her inner life.

"Ye shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."—St. John xvi. 32.

The loneliness of Jesus Christ in His life, in His sufferings and in His death, is a pattern and a prophecy of the solitude which is touchingly characteristic of all true life. Eugene Bersier, the eloquent preacher in Paris, rightly says that there are two kinds of solitude, an outward and an inward, a visible and an invisible. When we are not seen, nor heard, nor touched by anyone, we say that we are alone. But it is not always a complete isolation. The fisherman does not feel alone on the ocean, though he sees only the silent stars in the firmament and hears only the sound of the moaning wind and the rolling waves. He is thinking of his wife and children, who are on shore awaiting his safe return. For them he is working; their love fills his heart; he never feels alone.

The watching soldier on his lonely picket does not feel quite solitary, for he knows that the honor of his country's flag is in his care. The workwoman in her garret, handling her diligent needle during the long hours of a winter's evening, does not feel lonely, for she knows that before daybreak she will have earned for herself and her children the next day's bread. The lighthouse keeper in the middle of the ocean does not feel alone, for he knows that by his vigilance the light will be kept brilliant which will warn off thousands of ships from danger and minister to the security of myriads of lives. Those who love and are loved are never alone. These are all visible solitudes. There are also inward solitudes. A crowd is not company. There are many whose contact makes no sympathetic chord to vibrate in our hearts. Their hands may press ours, but that indifferent clasp touches nothing within our spirits. There are voices and faces which do not charm us even though they vouchsafe us conventional words and smiles of courtesy. Faces may only be as a gallery of pictures, and voices only the hum of many sounds. There is an important sense which makes this inward solitude to be specially felt in the crowded life of a great city. When William Wordsworth came to London he was astounded that people lived close to each other and

AT THE CHAPEL DOOR.

scarcely knew the names of their neighbors. Charles Dickens said that loneliness was as possible in the streets of a great city as in the desert of Arabia. The Latins have a proverb, "Magna civitas, magna solitudo" (a great city, a great solitude). Hence, even we who live in a busy hive of workers and sufferers are not denied the power to find and foster a solitude. I do not know a more pathetic reflection than this, that we all live, even as we must surely all die, in a very real and requisite solitude. The experience of ages has never falsified the word spoken nearly three thousand years ago: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy" (Proverbs xiv., 10). A great saint once said that there is a sense in which we must serve two masters, for we all live two lives, an outward and an inward, an open and a secret, a social and a solitary, a human and a divine, a temporal and an eternal. Happy and blest are those who so live in these two worlds as to make the most of both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Similarity.

A joke is very like a nut—
I state this as a fact—
Since none can tell if it is good
Until it has been cracked.

—Harper's Bazar.

If They Only Were.

The long delayed millenium
Would seem less dimly far,
If men were only half as good
As their sweethearts think they are.

—N. Y. Herald.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Parsley is entirely effectual in removing the odor of onions after a meal. The green sprigs should be eaten as celery is, with the onions or with the potato salad, not left to be taken after dinner or supper.

—The best method to prevent light hair from turning dark is to wash the hair, not the scalp, lest the roots be injured, with warm water which contains a teaspoonful of borax to every quart of warm water. This should be done every day.—N. Y. World.

—Sardine Sandwich: Remove the skin of half a dozen sardines, split and take out the bones. Spread stale slices of bread very thinly with butter, place on each two halves of the fish, squeeze a little lemon juice over them, add a crisp leaf of lettuce to each, and put a slice of buttered bread on top.—Boston Budget.

—Brown Sauce for Potato: Heat a pint of thin cream or rich milk, and when boiling add a half teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of flour (which has been browned in the oven until of a nut-brown color) rubbed to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Cook rapidly until thickened, then more slowly for five or ten minutes. Serve hot.—Good Health.

—A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney. Tie the sponge to a slender stick, and after once being put in, it need not be taken out until the chimney is thoroughly washed with soapsuds and rinsed, as fresh water can be constantly poured through the chimney.

—Whipped Cream Sauce: For any pudding, take one teacupful of sweet cream, whites of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar. Have the cream previously set on the ice to get chilled; whip the cream then, and return to a cool place. Beat the whites to a stiff foam, add the sugar, then the whipped cream, beating all together. This is very nice for fruit puddings or to serve with cake.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Most herbs that are grown in water are of no use the next season for flowering. The process of rooting them in water seems to have destroyed their vitality. We presume the Chinese lily follows this rule, and that it has been so exhausted by the process of flowering that it will not be likely to bloom another season. It will do no harm, however, to treat it with care when it is put away and try it another year. Let the water dry up around it gradually, pouring out a little, if necessary, and when the leaves have all dropped off, pack it away in sand.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Good Gravy: Unless it be dish-gravy, many people associate the name with a greasy, dark horror of some sort, which is to be avoided like poison by all who value a good digestion. When made properly it should be entirely free from taste of fat and is a savory addition to liver, cutlets and other meats that are naturally without gravy. It should be made as follows: After roasting beef, etc., pour the fat from the pan, all but a tablespoonful, which should be brown; into this rub with the back of a wooden spoon two even tablespoonfuls of flour, then stir in gradually a pint of broth or stock, add pepper and salt to taste, let all come to a boil, strain and it is ready for use. Chopped mushrooms, etc., may be added to taste.—N. Y. World.

FASHIONS IN JEWELRY

Beautiful Things That Are Now Much in Favor.

Ladies' vest chains are designed for the new fashions.

A tiny gold yacht on a sea of olivine waves is a new device.

Padlock and key bracelets are always in demand for gifts of significance.

Buckles enameled similar to bow knots, in imitation of ribbons, have been introduced.

Cigar cutters for men of luxurious tastes are of gold, platinum, and set with precious stones.

Ear wires are of gold, and intended to hold earrings where the ears have not been pierced.

Slender rings with open heart-shaped forms in small stones and diamond knots are new designs in rings.

Black onyx hat-pins, round and pear-shaped, polished and unpolished, are provided for the different stages of mourning.

Sapphires round and oblong are seen in plain gold rimmed settings of dead gold. It is a quaint, old fashion and very distinguished.

In very formal society black enameled bangles are worn as complimentary mourning. Black enameled flowers are sometimes attached to these.

Gentlemen's vest-buttons come in sets of four, colored, chased, enameled and set with precious stones. Those made to order have the crest or monogram.

Metal bandeaux enameled to simulate black watered ribbon are worn in mourning. They are fastened on top by a bow knot. Fillets of jet and dull black are also worn.

Fob chains of onyx, unpolished and polished, are worn in mourning. Small sectional chains of onyx connected by gold links are very pretty, but are not worn in first mourning.

Tiaras have become almost common during the season. The Mary Stuart coif in gold network with pearls and diamonds is one model. An interesting tiara was made of large clouded pearls accenting forms described in small diamonds.—Jewelers' Circular.